

Canibus Lyrics

"Gold & Bronze Magik"

(feat. Bronze Nazareth & Copywrite)

[Bronze Nazareth]

They can't do shit with me like a custom model Tyson
A herd of wild bison trying to get that cake without the icing
Can't stop the poison, empty glass in intestine
I'm destined to rest in the Sun, weed in the Westin
Pulitzer Prize priceless verses is in the resting
A new bible, witness tribal wars for block titles
Vital organs stop, subtle
Fiends like they're lions, when they get around the rock and huddle
Undertake, bodies ungulate, under earthly underlays
Unachieved summaries, no open warranties
Cuz my flow is never broken like a pregnancy
When I speak they'd rather see polluted clouds rain Hennessey
Take you with no receipt like dope traffic currency
Uninsured surgery when under my knife
Some paid with a briefcase, some paid with their life
My home sticks is Baghdad under U.S. plane strikes
It's a useless vein tap with an empty syringe
Injecting wind into the blood flow, sip ether and grim
Smoke secrets from burning circles, sour diesel and singe
The cloak, the grim reaper, creeping, sneaking, you in

[Chorus 2X: sample from Bonnie Dobson "Milk and Honey"]

Round and round, the burning circle
All the seasons: one, two, and three

[Copywrite]

Yeah, I see it, yo, yo, uh-huh
C-write, give it a little umph!
Yeah, O dot Megahertz, you already know what it is
Axe, inseminate the place, 614
Yeah, you know what they say?

Behind my back they say he's very arrogant
But they air they're inhaling in isn't there to sniff
Dare to whiff and I'm tearing the air to get from where it is
There's a chicken hailing and I'm tearing it through her pair of tits
There's a kid, my fist is impaling him through his pair of ribs
From a kamikaze, crazy bomber, drama like Shady's mama
Fucking with bitches ugly as Biggie's baby's mama
And I stay, mismatched to the socks
Bitch laughed, said my name's dispatched to the cops
Stitched patch on my crotch reads: "Kiss me I'm Irish"
My click be the flyest, don't, excuse me, I'm biased
But try us and lose the cocky smile, who could stop me now?
When I'm right on the money like the illumanti owl

If I'm off a DJ mixed my accappella wrong
Mozzarella's long enough to buy the rights to every Roc-a-fella song
I'm lying, but not when I'm rhyming, my stock is hell a long
Too hot to mail a song, the mailman said he thought I mailed a bomb
Rain, sleet, snow or hail, I'm smoking well
Granted you'd think I was Spanish how wet I rolled an L
To where they meet it, or see the chocha, I'm living la vida loca
I'm Peter the chiba smoker, no reason to cease the dolja
Breathing a leaf, Jesus, I've seen crows from beneath the roses
That sweet aroma could wake Pete old cold from deepest coma
But know the skills' on over kill until I reach the repear's quota
Put him out of business then hire him for cheap to clean the sofa
Ends with the bones of Barbosa, flow's well written
No help given, I'm self-driven like a chauffer
Still spitting that crazy shit, you don't like it?
You could suck a fat baby's dick while it's dad babysits

[Chorus 2X]

[Canibus]

Melatonin Magic MC
One, two and three...

You are the reflection of an illusion, you do not exist
What you feel is real, everything else is a script
That they wrote for me, I hallucinate creepy crawlies
Rhyming is a hobby, you can't even talk to me
DJ's, radio stations, millions of listeners are prisoners
Their salvation is not your business
Canibus spit when Canibus wanna spit shit
Got that? Don't let me have to tell you again
The western world is spiritually sterile, in great peril
We in the concrete jungle, where they spank Abe with the metal
I rhyme for the betterment of the culture
I don't spit no hot sixteens for promotion
Or corporate vultures who act like they own us
Self-expression is our birthright, not a bonus
Hip-hop can govern, come together and show the whole world something
The voices of the not so beloved...

[Chorus 2X]

[Canibus]

Melatonin Magic MC
One, two and three...
I spit it 'til I'm free

This is lyrical law
The golden flame turns the gold bars into bronze
It draws upon magic from the stars
This is one more storming of lyrical law
If everything is in good order, I spit some more
The moral of the story is this: don't get pissed

Because your upbringing was strict, cuz life is a gift
You've got food to eat, you've got teeth to eat it with
Shoes on your feet, don't be conceited, be content
Even when you lose, think about what you did to win
If you did the best that you can, you did a good thing
But you shouldn't smoke weed if you swim
Don't buy assault rifles, don't fight dogs, don't hit your girlfriend
Don't mix cocaine with unprescribed medicine
And don't say it's over if you plan to do it again
With that said, sleep tight tonight when you go to bed
This is Public Service Announcement 2010

[Chorus 2X]

[Outro: Canibus]

The Melatonin Magik MC
One, two and three...
Come sit with me, come sit with me...